

Press-Herald

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Old King Cold Reigns

The American Medical Association points out that Old King Cold is really a king-size trouble-maker. In a new pamphlet, it states that the common cold costs this nation \$5 billion a year in lost wages, lost production, and medical expenses. More than 20 million people suffer from colds on any given wintry day. No specific treatment, so far available, is effective against the cold virus. Any treatment should be directed toward relief of the symptoms and prevention of complications.

So says the new AMA pamphlet on the cold which brings to mind the old saw about cold remedies which states that of all the treatments and cures proposed for the common cold which have absolutely no curative effect, by far the most popular is Bourbon.

And that is about the state of the art at the moment as we move into the new year.

IT'S NEWS TO ME by Herb Caen

Funny Money Scheme Fails

EASY MONEY: The dream of every apple-cheeked American boy—something for nothing—almost came true for me this week. For a few heady minutes I had developed the Midas Touch. The financial illiterate of the ages—that's me—had found a way to make a 5000 per cent profit.

The saga began when I wrote words of praise about that electronic dollar-bill changer in the St. Francis Hotel lobby. You slide in the paper money, with Honest George's face topside, and out drops a buck's worth of change. "Fantastic," I burred. "How does it know it isn't a piece of paper?"

Instantly, a fellow mailed me a fake dollar bill, Woolworth-type, plainly labeled "Play Money." He advised: "Don't get carried away. That machine can be fooled every time. Try this."

WELL IT DIDN'T seem possible. Could a simple tool like a human fool a machine in THIS age? Turning up my overcoat collar, I slunk into the St. Francis, nervously looking this way and that—I am not only a fink, I'm chickenfink—and, when the coast was clear, slid the funny money into the machine.

I don't mind telling you I expected it to light up, read "Tilt!" blow horns, bells and whistles and cry "Thief!" But nothing happened. Except that a dollar in change immediately appeared in the tray below. Shaking from head to toes, I scooped it out. Then I read a small notice on the machine informing me that the U.S. Govt. would be pleased to levy a \$1000 fine on anybody who used fake money.

So I returned the money to the St. Francis' credit manager and told him what had happened. "NO!" he cried, clutching his forehead. "This is awful. Don't tell a soul." I told him I might write about it. "Oh, that's okay," he said. "Just don't TELL anybody."

BUT THE DREAM dies hard. I went to Woolworth's, bought a 10-cent roll of funny money, and walked to the Palace Hotel, which also has one of the gadgets in its phone room. Slipping on the dark glasses and false beard, I sidled up to the machine and rammed in a fake dollar bill, with Honest George's face turned up. Nothing happened. I tried it three times. No sale.

Investigation completed, I phoned the man who distributes these electronic marvels, and he was strangely unconcerned: "We have the most trouble with guys who make Xerox or Thermofax copies of real dollar bills. But that \$1000 fine scares most people off. And every piece of fake money is turned over to the police for fingerprints."

Thank heaven I was wearing gloves. You can't be too careful.

CAENFETTI: That new United Air Lines newspaper ad, showing a passenger smoking a pipe, wasn't an adman's bobble. Pipes and cigars are now okay on United—unless another passenger with a sensitive sniffer beefs to the stewardess. . . . The local Cadillac dealer has a regular customer who has to be a regular nut. Each year, when picking up his new Cad, he rears back and kicks heck out of a fender, explaining, "I want the first dent to be Mine!" . . . Dr. Hugh Medford of Marysville, browsing around in a secondhand bookstore there, found himself a fascinating memento—a 10-cent copy of "Moll Flanders," with the name of its original owner inscribed on the flyleaf: Jacqueline Bouvier (Mrs. John F. Kennedy's maiden name). If you're looking for a project to occupy the next few months, figure out how that book got to Marysville.

AND SO ON: Ann Kyle here must be the hottest model for miles around. Not only is she doing the national Dial Soap ads, a Harper's Bazaar layout and the White Stag ads, she'll be the cover girl for the Sears Catalogue for the next four seasons. Meaning her face will be a household word. . . . Atty. Mel Belli was at Goldstein's the costumers, last week renting something you just won't believe: a Santa Claus outfit! He was Santa at an annual party for underprivileged children. . . . Relativity: The Lor-Mar Studio of Allston, Mass., which deals in autographs, has Shirley Temple's for sale at \$4.50—and Harry S. Truman's at \$2. . . . Say, have you seen those Acrilan commercials on TV—the ones in which Rosemary Clooney displays "The Big Red A," the while telling us in song that "The Big Red A assures us of purity!" Okay, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Start revolving.



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Mars Probe Revives Our 'Race for Space' Frenzy

Nikita Khrushchev used to tell us he would overtake us economically, and he also said he was ahead of us in rocketry. This was somewhat juvenile of him, but the authoritarian way is the boyish way—look at the blustering of Benito Mussolini.

Anyway, some of this juvenility rubbed off on us, and we got the notion we were in a race to put a man on the moon, that being the target a few years ago. Some slightly juvenile generals joined the race by imagining what would happen if the Russians reached the moon first. What would happen, they said, was that the Russians on the moon would deliver an ultimatum to mankind—submit, or be bombed out of existence.

But some military experts, not so juvenile, said this was sheer poppycock. Like, the Russians would first have to plant an organized colony of great complexity on the moon.

and so far man has only been able to send a few flimsy vehicles there to take some fuzzy pictures.

As obstacles mounted to getting a man on, and off, the moon, let alone establishing a military base there, the idea of a space race with the Russians did not leave the American mind, but it did languish somewhat. More and more people began to say, the hell with it.

Yet horses are horses and which is the fastest will ever preoccupy the juvenile mind. So we sent a vehicle called Mariner 4 off for Mars recently, its purpose to pass the planet at 3600 miles, and take some pictures. When, what was our consternation—and delight—to learn a couple of days later that the Russians had done the same with something named Zond 2.

Then we read Mariner 4, after some wobbles, was doing fine, while Zond 2 had

lost half its power. We had mixed feelings.

If Zond 2 was a dud, where was your horse race? Yet, what a pity! What some of us really wanted was for Zond 2 to prance along like a champ for 325 million miles, only to go pffft! in the last million—no pictures, no magnesium flares on the Martian crust, or whatever they had in mind.

While Mariner 4 would send back dazzling pictures of polar caps and vegetation belts, and like that of Archimedes, our name would shine down the millenniums.

Might we not say again of a race, as some have said, the hell with it? Probing Mars is not a juvenile idea. It bears in it the seed of a total revolution of human thought about life. Things being in the state they are around here, mankind seems to stand in need of such a revolution, so why quibble about who produces it?

BOOKS by William Hogan

Critical Analysis of GOP A Major Publishing Feat

The speed at which books can be published, when the market potential warrants it, is expressed in Robert J. Donovan's "The Future of the Republican Party." The text of this full-fledged analysis was prepared after the elections of last month and is based upon facts and figures of the GOP's calamity under the Goldwater banner.

The book began as a series of post-election interpretations in the Los Angeles Times, of which Donovan is Washington bureau chief. Here he examines the future destiny and character of the GOP, its leadership, policies and power, and the potentially fatal clashes between its moder-

ate and conservative wings. The future of this minority party is shown to be bleak, and possibly hopeless, if it takes any succor at all from its temporary successes in the Confederate back-washes—or if it refuses to admit that the second half of the Twentieth Century is upon it.

This is an extremely astute and critical survey, if no doubt the first of several investigations of the GOP's post-Goldwater problems. It appears hot from Donovan's typewriter in any event, both as a mass-produced 60-cent Crest paperback and a New American Library hardbound (\$3.75)—most lightning-like job of book production and distribution since the Warren Report appeared between hard covers the day after it was officially released.

Among many hard truths, Donovan shows that the schizophrenia at the San Francisco convention was only the "nastiest" chapter in the long story of an ideological division that has persistently shaken the GOP to its foundations. He notes that from the Bull Moose to Barry Goldwater, the party has tended at critical moments to pull in opposite directions, and that Republican liberals and conservatives hate each other more

than they hate the Democrats.

This is a brisk, realistic crash course in modern political science. Can the GOP win a presidential election in 1968, 1972—in 1984? Donovan wonders himself. Citizens of all political creeds might be fascinated to follow Dr. Donovan's diagnosis of the party's current aches and pains, and also his harsh prescriptions for their cure.

Add baubles: "The Pictorial History of the America's Cup Races," with text by Robert W. Carrick and George C. Simons (Viking \$15). The America's Cup is the Big Time in this gentleman's sport. If it is far removed from the average Sunday sailor's experiences, this series of events, going back to 1851, is certainly visual and photogenic.

This big, exciting book tells the story of international competitions in words, paintings, drawings and a variety of marvelous salt water photographs right down to the 1964 series between Sovereign and Constellation. For the initiated, details of boats and courses over the decades are included. But the pictures in this lovely book, and loving job of bookmaking, are what will stir members of the yachting fraternity.

TRAVEL by Stan Delaplane

Motor Scooter Good Way To Get Around Europe

By STAN DELAPLANE
"Do you think a motor scooter would be practical for touring Europe in June? Do you know what kind would be best?"

Certainly a cheap way to get from here to there. Europeans apparently find them practical. The roads are full of them. The people always looked miserably wet when it was raining. But you could try using that coverall Navy rain gear.

I never rode a scooter. But the one you see mainly throughout all Europe is the Italian Vespa.

"We have arranged to stopover in Shannon for the Bunratty Castle dinner you wrote about. Now we find we have three days to connect with the next plane to New York and we'd like to do something with them. What?"

First, you don't have to layover. There are several New York planes through every day. Have the airline company write your ticket over to another company that does have a plane going through.

Or, there's a three-day coach tour, an extension of the Bunratty Castle overnight stop. Or, call Limerick and rent a car. Go down the wild south coast. The Butler Arms at Waterville is a very Irish hotel. Go on to Cork and back to Shannon.

"... where we can get information on costs and living on the island of Madeira you wrote about."

I understood you could write the tourist office at Funchal, Madeira. But now the Portuguese tourist office says no, write Casa de Portugal, 447 Madison Avenue, New York City. They say they'll send this kind of information. And I surely hope they do.

"We hope to do a lot of shopping on Hong Kong. But we have heard you must bargain and are not sure what places are reliable."

If I have no friend who knows prices, I shop the article first at Lane, Crawford Ltd. on the Hong Kong side. This is a one-price British department store. You can then shop for lower prices. Or buy it there.

"Are there any islands where a young man can go and live a beachcomber life?"

I've seen a few young men and heard of others. They are mostly in very small, isolated islands—probably entered without papers. They stay on by marrying into a native family. You don't have the know-how to live without that help.

I'd suggest atoll groups like the French-owned Tuamotus. (But you must have a return ticket to get in.) Anyway, you should get a Polynesian island. If you get the Melanesian islands, you've got to LOVE that frizzy, beehive hairdo.

"You say to drink bottled water in Mexico. Friends of ours say they found water in their hotel room but it was just in a covered pitcher. Is that safe?"

Yes, The maid fills it from a five-gallon bottle of purified water in the corridor. (But empty what you find in the room. Have her refill it. Chances are it hasn't been changed since the last tenant. And who knows when that was.)

"We will be in Mexico during the bullfight season. Is there some place where

you see the bullfighters? Such as a restaurant?"
Seems to me the toreros and the managers and such hung around the bar in the Prince Hotel on Luis Moya street. But ANY bellboy or taxi driver can tell you the current place.

"We want to send friends to dinner (our treat) in Paris. Not one of the big places but something small, intimate, charming. And how much would it cost?"

Auberge de la Truite, 30

Rue Faubourg-St. Honoré. Small Normandy inn type. For dinner with a drink, a good wine and after-dinner Calvados—the Norman apple brandy—something like \$15 for two.

"Is there some way to find out in advance the specialties of a Paris restaurant?"

You get your hotel concierge to phone and ask. If you are passing a restaurant, the carte is ALWAYS posted outside. The specialties are usually the things written in red ink.

Our Man Hoppe

Button, Button Who's Got the...

By Arthur Hoppe

Phew! You can't imagine how difficult it's been the last couple of months, not knowing who's running Russia. Our ace kremlinologists couldn't figure out whether it was Mr. Genshnev or Mr. Kozygin. But at last we know. And all I can say is: Phew!

It was our clever Secretary of State, Mr. Rusk, who found out. He cleverly conferred with their Foreign Minister, Mr. Andrei Gromyko in Paris. And he cleverly says: "By the by, Andrei, old buddy, if President Johnson happens to have occasion to use the hot line to Moscow, whom should he ask for?"

"Oh," says Mr. Gromyko, "tell him to ask for Anastas Mikoyan."

Anastas Mikoyan! You remember him. He's the old Bolshevik who's survived 182 purges. Now he's President of the Supreme Soviet. But all our kremlinologists kept telling us just an honorary job. So who would have thought. . . . Well, President Johnson certainly never would have thought. And you can imagine the horrible consequences.

There's Mr. Johnson, chatting on the phone with his top scientific adviser, Dr. Wilhelm von Vonn: "Yep, Doc," he's saying, "that Mars shot of yours sure does beat all. It scrambles my poor old brain cells just to think of the way you got that missile to fix on a distant star and zero in like a chicken coming home to roost. . . ."

"It what? Picked up a new fix, eh? A traffic light, you say? Outside the Kremlin? Heavens to Betsy, I reckon I better call up our Russian friends and let them know what's going to be dropping in on them. Oh, no, Doc, I still got faith in you. Just keep on voting Democratic. . . ."

"Hello? Hello? This here the Kremlin? My, it sounds like you're right next door. And who've I got the pleasure of addressing this time of night? Anastas Mikoyan? No, no, sure I remember you, Asan. . . . Atan. . . . Mind if I call you 'Mickey'?"

No, no, Mickey, I never forget a name. Matter of fact, I've always had the highest esteem for you. I mean the way you survived Lenin, Stalin, Beria, Malenkov, Khrushchev. Why, a fellow lie you could've done right well in Texas politics.

"So now you're President of the Supreme Whateamacallit. My, sounds like a real cushy plum, Mickey, but no more than you deserve. Course, I guess them making you answer the phone in the middle of the night's a mighty onerous. But at least it shows that they still trust you."

"Anyway, Mickey, this here's a pretty important call and I'd appreciate it highly if you'd just plug me in on your switchboard there to whosoever's in charge. Ha, ha. Now, look here, Mickey, just 'cause they let you answer the phone doesn't mean you're in charge. Now just plug me in and I won't tell them you're getting a swelled head."

"Now stop getting so riled up. What do you mean you'll show me who's in charge? You're going to push what? The Button? Ha, ha. Don't tell me they leave that there Button lying around where just any old flunkie could. . . . Hello? Hello?"

So I say, "Phew!" I'm sure we all feel much better. Of course, in this world of vast tensions between giant thermonuclear powers, it's a little unsettling to realize that for the past couple of months, had we wished to avert destruction of civilization, we wouldn't have known whom to ask for.

Morning Report:

Public opinion surveys are great reading, especially the last column, which reads, "makes no difference to me," "no opinion," or "don't know." The latest survey by the University of Michigan's Research Center reveals one out of four adult Americans "don't know" the Communists are in power in Red China.

This is a blow to the pride of every editor, commentator, columnist, lecturer, professor and politician in the land. Also to Chiang Kai-shek, who runs Formosa. It raises the question: Where have the 1,500 persons interviewed been for the past 15 years? The only clear answer is they are the same 1,500 persons who are used to establish the most popular television shows.

Abe Mellinkoff

Quote

"Mankind should take a lesson from the snowflake. No two of them are alike, yet, observe how well they cooperate on major projects—such as tying up traffic."—Lee Call, Afton (Wyo.) Star Valley Independent.